

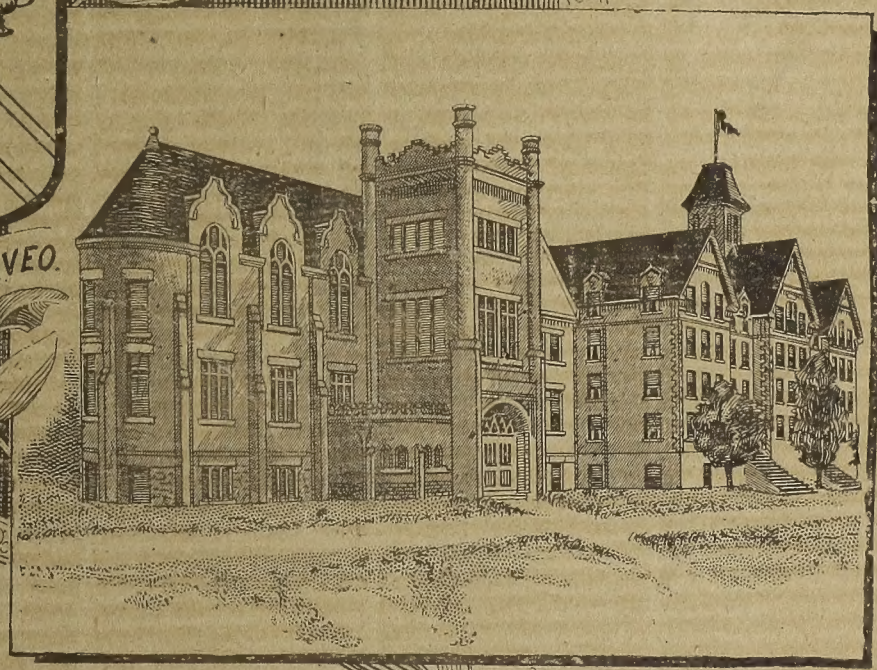
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VOL XII

No 5.

THE ALBERT COLLEGE TIMES



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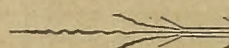
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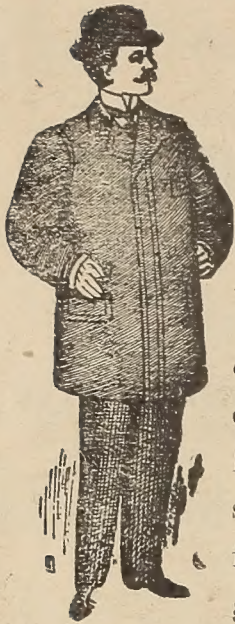
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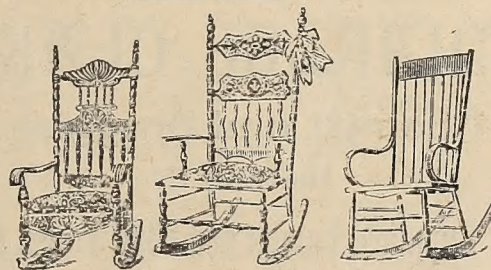
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THE ALBERT COLLEGE TIMES

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VOL XII.

BELLEVILLE, FEBRUARY 1900

No. 5

Albert College Times.

TERMS : 50 CENTS PER YEAR.

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—Subscriptions, receipts and expenditures etc.,
for Missionary Society, Albert College—Management—Soul expansion.

LOCALS AND ATHLETICS :—

PERSONALS :—

EXCHANGE —

EDITORIAL

-----)o(-----

HIGH NOON.

Time's finger on the dial of my life
Points to high noon, and yet the half-spent day
Leaves less than half remaining! For the dark,
Bleak shadows of the grave engulf the end.
To those who burn the candles in the stick
The spluttering socket yields the little light.
Long life is sadder than an easy death;
We cannot count on ravelled threads of age
Whereof to weave a fabric; we must use
The warp and woof the ready present yields,
And toil while daylight lasts. When I bethink
How brief the past, the future still more brief
Calls on to action, action! Not for me
Is time for retrospection or for dreams;
Not time for self laudation, or remorse.
Have I done nobly? Then I must not let
Dead yesterday unborn to-morrow shame.
Have I done wrong? Well, let the bitter taste
Of fruit that turned to ashes on my lip
Be my reminder in temptation's hour,
And keep me silent when I would condemn.
Sometimes it takes the acid of a sin
To cleanse the clouded windows of our souls
So pity may shine through them. Looking back
My faults and errors seem like stepping-stones
That led the way to knowledge of the truth
And made me value virtue! Sorrows shine
In rainbow colours o'er the gulf of years
Where lie forgotten pleasures. Looking forth
Out to the Western sky, still bright with noon,
I feel well spurred and booted for the strife
That ends not till Nirvana is attained.

Battling with fate, with men, and with myself,
Up the steep summit of my life's forenoon,
Three things I learned—three things of precious
worth,
To guide and help me down the western slope.
I have learned how to pray, and toil, and save;
To pray for courage to receive what comes,

Knowing what comes to be divinely sent :
 To toil for universal good, since thus
 And only thus can good come unto me ;
 To save by giving whatsoe'er I have
 To those who have not—this alone is gain.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

This poem is characteristic of its author and has suggested to me my article, "Aim in Life." What is more interesting to us than ourselves or that which pertains to self? And do we not need to definitely understand the elements of self? This is what I will now try to explain.

AIM IN LIFE.

"What is my aim in life?" is a question often anxiously asked by each one of us as we stand at the threshold of a new career. At one time we all have to answer that question and a great deal, very much more than we realize at the time, depends upon the answer we make.

We all wish to have a noble aim in life at least when under the action of our higher and nobler faculties and it depends wholly upon ourselves to carry out our aim.

Our aim in life depends upon what we want to be or what we may WILL to be. The aim is started first in our ambition, our desire to do something and BE some one and not be behind others.

It is well to have large ambition but it must be controlled or definitely understood or it will cause us much trouble.

When aided by benevolence or our sympathy for others, it is guided to a large extent and our aim is to help others and to be of some use to mankind.

There is also an ideal part to our nature and we wish to see better conditions and more beautiful results and this desire stimulates our energy, our executiveness and we begin to act and work out our plans.

Self-esteem is necessary in order not to be imposed upon but to carry out manfully that which we undertake and, aided by combativeness, we will overcome obstacles or anything that may at first look hard to us. We need a certain degree of the fighting element in us, not to give offense to people but to

fight our difficulties. Then a small amount of cautiousness is needed to keep from proceeding rashly, for we should go carefully, keep out of all mistakes and weigh the chances against us.

Faith in our enterprise is an essential element so that we will not doubt nor falter by the wayside.

Did we not have hope, we would look too much on the dark side of life and it is necessary to keep the bright side ever uppermost.

As we are to deal with many people all along life's pathway, we need to have a desire and cultivate the ability to read Human Nature, to understand the people we meet and tactfully handle them. We should all be able to distinguish a rogue from an honest man and not be imposed upon.

Sublimity is that faculty of the mind that loves to do things on a large scale and this keeps us from being petty, mean and small.

Firmness is an essential element for we need to hold persistently to our work even after it becomes uninteresting.

We must not change but continue on in the face of all difficulties.

Veneration gives us a respect for our work and a reverence for antique things and is a necessary faculty in controlling our aim in life. Imitation is useful to us on account of the desire to copy what we see and it gives impetus to our work. But when the faculty of constructiveness is aroused we wish to do more than imitate; we want to put things together for ourselves and in this way we can do original work.

In meeting people we need agreeableness or rather suavity in order to pleasantly greet and converse with them but the real desire to please, comes from the faculties of friendship and benevolence.

These are only a few of the faculties that have an influence in determining our aim in life and he who wishes to definitely understand himself will have to understand something about phrenology, the science of self.

When we understand ourselves and the exact condition of our faculties we can then learn to remedy all false conditions. It is our strongest faculties that give us our tendency or aim in life. Suppose

our ambition and also our desire to make money are strong, why then we will want to be famously rich. But if our sympathetic feelings predominate, these added to our ambition, will make us want to be known for our good deeds. In this way the impulse for every action or desire is determined.

To have an agreeable and pleasurable aim in life, and the aim of all life is pleasure in its truest and best sense, we must act as our strongest faculties direct us, but suppose we are not properly balanced. Without a strong faculty of conscientiousness we would be apt to not always stick to the truth and this surely is not the best aim, so we must be guided by Phrenological knowledge or else go it blindly, and this we were never intended for, because we have been given the faculties that help us out of every false and ignoble condition. We need never again act wrongly or against ourselves for we have the power to cultivate the proper faculties.

We need not be imposed upon, nor become nervous or excited for we can put the faculties of self-esteem and combativeness in action and keep self-possessed, self-reliant and calm in the midst of danger.

Our aim in life is first to know ourselves and then proceed scientifically to remedy all false conditions of life.

Men and women have had many aims in life; some have lived mainly to acquire wealth, some for fame, some for love, while others lived because they were afraid to die. But a few have lived to see how much good they could do; how much they could better humanity and this is the noblest aim of all. What is more sublime than the thoughts presented by the poet when he says:—

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me
And awaits my spirit too.
For the cause that needs assistance,
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the future in the distance
And the good that I can do.

LITERARY

—)o(—

There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea we are now afloat,
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

* * * *

Our hands are full of business; let's away;
Advantage feeds them fat, while men delay.

—SHAKESPEARE.

—o—

ROBERT BARR

(By A. L. McCredie.)

It commonly happens that men stumble, as it were, upon their success. It oftener happens that they never find the sphere in which they might be successful. Those who find it late in life are perhaps more fortunate, because of the rarer chance. But the man who makes a hit in several enterprises is both rare and fortunate.

Mr. Robert Barr, novelist, author, among other things, of "In a Steamer Chair," and more recently, "Jennie Baxter, Journalist," and "Tekla," is one of these exceptions, for he was successively a good carpenter, a good school-master, a good journalist, a good literary writer.

When I was in Harrogate, Yorkshire, last summer, I wrote to Mr. Barr for an interview for "College Topics." He had just returned from a flying tour through Italy, the Riviera, and the Engadine, with S. S. McClure, of New York. He had chatted with the great Dewey at Nice, but he could come back to England and talk to an unknown Canadian as freely and willingly—and that is why he is great. Busy as he was, he extended a cordial invitation to meet him in London, at the "Cheshire Cheese," where, as he said: "Boswell and Johnson and Goldsmith, literary lights lesser than ourselves, used to foregather."

A night train, a new hat, at Hope's, for the occasion, and an early arrival at the narrow alley leading to the "street entrance" of the old tavern, prepared me for the man with whom I so desired to talk.

Tom Greenwood and I, who were jointly hon-

ored, debated whether we should be able to pick him out of the Fleet St. throng, which jostled us even in the alley. We noticed a short man, in a tweed suit, with whiskers slightly gray, carrying a bundle under his arm. Greenwood said: "That is not him," but the man with the bundle stopped to ask us why we didn't wait inside, and offered his hand in the customary shake of a country fair. As we went inside, our host shouted up the stairway for game pies, which, with the subsequent relay of toasted cheese, has, since Johnson's day, formed the notable menu of the tavern.

Then we sat down beneath an oil painting of the old crank aforesaid, and opposite a bevy of American ladies, who wished when they returned to the States, to relate how they had dined at the "Cheshire Cheese." I think Greenwood enacted Goldsmith to creditable degree of perfection, and I know I felt like Boswell. Mr. Barr, however, didn't do any roaring except at the waiter.

While waiting for the game-pastry, Mr. Barr recalled old days in Toronto, and spoke with reminiscent zest of the way Normal School used to "lick the Varsity" in football. He recalled incident after incident of life in the city, especially referring to his half-worshipful association with the Normal teachers of that time.

I asked him what led him to go to Toronto Normal School. He then spoke of his early life in Elgin county, of his learning the trade of carpenter, of how he made his fortune by falling off a drill-shed roof upon a pile of bricks. Being turned into a meditative, and therefore a educational, direction by this mishap, he came ultimately to Toronto University, which he attended for one day. He said: "Luckily for me, they didn't teach civil engineering, so to-day I am not sloshing through swamps with a theodelite over my shoulder." There was no denying that the "Cheshire Cheese," "Americans" and all, was no more comfortable, but one could hardly help wondering what stories Robert Barr would have written with that theodelite.

He had come to Toronto for education, however, so he was going to get it. He accordingly entered

the Normal School. Then followed a period of school teaching, before he went on the Detroit Free Press. His success of over twenty years on that journal, as "Luke Sharp," is too universally known to need more than reference. He is appreciated in the United States to-day, as the most strikingly successful journalist who ever struck the "scoop." He said, however, as he regarded the toasted cheese with a puzzled air, "I nearly missed my calling. If I hadn't come to London to found the 'Idler Magazine,' my life work would have never found its aim." He has found it at last, however, despite the length of time during which it waited his coming. Speaking further, he deprecated journalistic or pedagogical work, except, perhaps (with an emphasis), as a training, and but little of it. He drew a clear line of demarcation between newspaper work and journalism, and between journalism and literary work—so clear that the qualifications are not common, nor is the experience of the lower grades valuable in the higher except as any other experience might be.

I asked him why he neglected Canadian material in his novels, reminding him that the familiar localities of his youth were rich in color and character. He hinted that he was going to amend that neglect very soon. Referring to his material, in association with the possibility of young College men of Canada utilizing it in literary work, I asked: "Can the average man do justice to it or record it successfully?" He replied, shortly: "We are not talking of average men. The average man is a bricklayer or blacksmith"—which opinion is encouraging to most young men. It certainly reflects his sentiments in such cases, which are a combination of fatalism and optimism. He said: "You cannot have or develop too much ambition. Load yourself up with it. Be ashamed of yourself if you haven't got more than you can stand."

Perhaps the most amusing incident at luncheon was when our conversation turned on contemporary writers.

We had been addressing him as "Mr. Barr," and the ladies opposite grew gradually attentive as we talked. They nudged each other, when Mr. Barr ex-

pressed his regret that Rudyard Kipling was out of London, and that my brief stay in town had rendered it impossible for him to bring down "his friend, Anthony Hope," to luncheon that day. When Mr. Barr coolly replied to some criticism of Augusta Wilson, by asking who she was, and confessing, indifferently, he had never read any of her works, they were plainly horrified.

Their delight was restored when he characterized Hall Caine as somewhat agreeable to himself, and called another Englishman of letters an ass, because he ventured one evening to discuss "style" in the presence of Thomas Hardy and Anthony Hope, the two acknowledged masters of English style.

Quitting the tavern, we walked down Fleet St., where he showed us the sign of the "Cock" Tavern, also an historic resort of literary men. He related while walking through Lincoln's Inn, how he and a clergyman planned to steal the celebrated golden cock, whose eloquent silence had charmed Fleet St., for centuries; and how, on the dark night selected, they found that some one had forestalled them an hour before.

He pointed out the rooms of many famous people—friends with whom he had spent pleasant evenings, as we walked down to Whitehall Court. There Greenwood left us, and we entered the National Liberal Club. He interrupted a quiet talk; he introduced me to Fisher Unwin, the great publisher, who, though a very agreeable man, was evidently embarrassed at being obliged to meet a nonentity, when so much of his time was devoted to great men in the world of letters.

Mr. Robert Barr, who should know the peculiarities of Canadian, American and English literature better, perhaps, than anyone else, gave the following opinion:

"I do not believe the Canadian literature will be biassed by either American or English influence. Some day the Canadian author will rise and blaze out for himself a track in the forest of letters. And then we will all wonder why we didn't do it ourselves; and some of us will begin imitating him." There is much in this for thought; and everyone

must think for themselves.

The Canadian young man, who goes to London with ambition and good purpose, can count upon the practical friendship of Mr. Robert Barr, a man whose success has not spoiled him. That is saying a great deal. He will prove an inspiration to the young man who has been ashamed of his aspirations.

MISSIONARY and RELIGIOUS

THINE AND MINE.

If there be good in that I wrought,
Thy hand compelled it, Master, Thine;
Where I have failed to meet thy thought
I know, through Thee, the blame is mine.

One instant's toil to Thee denied
Stands all eternity's offence;
Of that I did with Thee to guide,
To Thee, through Thee, be excellence.

Who, lest all thought of Eden fade,
Bring'st Eden to the craftsman's brain,
Godlike to muse o'er his own trade,
And, manlike, stand with God again.

The depth and dream of my desire,
The bitter paths wherein I stray,
Thou knowest, Who hast made the fire,
Thou knowest, Who has made the clay.

One stone the more swings to her place
In that dread temple of Thy Worth,
It is enough that through Thy grace
I saw naught common on Thy earth.

Take not that vision from my ken;
O, whatso'er may spoil or speed,
Help me to need no aid from men
That I may help such men as need.

—RUDYARD KIPLING, in *The Westminster*.

Exeter Hall, London, Jan. 12, 1900.

Dear Mr. Editor,—Possibly some of the readers of "The Times" may be interested in knowing that Albert College was represented at the International Student Missionary Conference, which has just been held in London.

One of your representatives was H. R. Smith, M. D., of Trinity Medical College, Toronto; the other was the writer of these lines, who is now studying at Oxford. But we and our red badges were very insignificant among the many foreign delegates, who came from twenty-one different countries and formed

a very considerable part of the seventeen hundred delegates who were present. I made an autograph album of my conference hymn-book, and it contains names of students from Russia, Denmark, Asia Minor, Spain and even such barbarous mission-lands as the United States and Canada.

One cannot describe a large convention. It is rather to be experienced than described. The general impression such a conference seems to leave in one's life is a stronger and fuller resolve to go forward in God's name for the "evangelization of the world in this generation," and to EXPECT it. But in spite of the numbers of the conference, one is deeply impressed with the fact that this watch-word cannot be realized, "not by might nor by power but by My Holy Spirit."

As one sat in the great historic Exeter Hall with which the names of so many of our greatest Christian leaders are associated, as one looked about and saw hundreds of earnest men and women whose highest ambition in life was to preach the gospel to every creature, as one heard the voices of such men as the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, F. B. Meyer and many others, one's thoughts went back with grateful memories to old Albert, and one thanked God for the influences encountered there which have given one a real individual part in the great Student Missionary Movement.

I shall not attempt to describe the conference, but if Albert College students wish to hear more about it, I would advise them to try and get Dr. Smith to give them a report when he returns in April.

I wonder if the old missionary spirit of Albert, which has had such an influence in Canadian Methodism, still lives in the College. May God make it far greater, and may He show us that we are unworthy to serve Him ANYWHERE unless we are willing to serve Him EVERYWHERE.

Yours in His Work,
PERRY S. DOBSON.

We often crush down our impulses, not realizing that our impulses are apt to be just the quick longings of our natures to fulfill their ideals.—January Ladies' Home Journal.

FIFTH ANNUAL REPORT

Of the Albert College Auxiliary of the General Missionary Society of the Methodist Church of Canada, from January 1, 1899, to January 1, 1900.

We wish to acknowledge our thankfulness to God, our Father, for the manifold blessings He has bestowed upon us, and to present to our many friends and supporters the fifth annual report of the Albert College Auxiliary of the General Board of Missions of the Methodist Church.

Although we would wish to report greater achievements in our missionary labors, yet, as we review our efforts of the past year, we are grateful that we can report some progress.

Albert College Missionary Society has, since its first organization, had a strong and beneficial influence upon the missionary interest of the students of the College. To this many of the old students have testified. The Society has not only aided many to develop their talents but has helped them to go out into the world and labor for the Master. It has also been the aim of the society to do all in its power to send the gospel of Jesus Christ into the uttermost parts of the earth. And to-day there are quite a number of the old students who are missionaries in some foreign field, besides others who are preparing to go. Our present representative in South Africa, who is now self-supporting, has been driven from his field of labor by the war and is at present returning home.

The aim of the society is accomplished by four distinct efforts. First, by our weekly Saturday night prayer meeting where the students meet and earnestly plead with God for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the societies of the college, upon the mission work throughout the world, and especially upon our own present representative, Dr. Livingstone, and upon our prospective representative, Dr. Wrinch.

Second, by our regular monthly meeting in the College Chapel, where the important missionary problems are prayerfully and intelligently presented to the students and general public.

Third, by the regular weekly missionary study

class, when a number of the students meet to study the mission fields and their problems, as presented in the Students' Volunteer Missionary Study Course.

Fourth, by a Missionary Library, which is kept renewed with some of the best missionary books and placed at the disposal of all the students.

Albert College Missionary Society has united with the Picton and the Belleville Epworth League Districts for the purpose of supporting a missionary. Thus will our efforts be directed largely through the channel of the Young People's Forward Movement for Missions. Students of the College have visited many of the leagues and introduced the forward movement; also Dr. Wrinch, an old student of the College and our prospective representative, canvassed the leagues of the two districts during the past summer. So successful have been the efforts put forth, that the necessary support, we feel safe in saying, is forthcoming.

We now look anxiously forward to the coming spring, when we hope to see our aim fulfilled and to have one more worker witnessing for Jesus where Christ has not yet been preached—the Upper Skeena, British Columbia, being his field of labor.

We would ask the friends of the Society to assist us by their united prayers and thus help us on to another victory for Christ.

Subscriptions taken for Albert College Missionary Society, June, 1899.

Rev. Dr. Dyer	\$20 00
W. H. Shackel	1 00
E. R. Doxsee	5 00
W. G. Hancock	5 00
Warren Rothwell	5 00
D. R. Clare	5 00
J. Doolittle	1 00
S. H. Kruger	2 00
A. C. Osborne	1 00
A. C. Sweetnam	2 00
Anson Brown	1 00
D. E. Johnston	2 00
E. W. Morgan	2 00
E. W. Roland	1 00
H. C. Gibson	1 00
F. Doxtator	1 00

C. A. Langmaid	1 00
S. M. Anglin	50
E. R. Simpson	1 00
Fred. Durant	50
S. A. Kemp	2 00
R. G. Pritchard	2 00
F. S. Okell	2 00
G. W. Gilroy	1 00
B. D. Harnes	1 00
R. P. Aylesworth	50
O. S. Redick	1 00
T. P. Bennett	1 00
G. D. Robinson	1 00
E. W. DeLong	1 00
T. J. C. Tindle	1 00
R. J. L. Moment	1 00
J. Ansdell	1 00
J. Nutbrown	50
J. H. Faull	5 00
G. Reynolds	1 00

Receipts and Expenditure from January 1st to December 31st, 1899.

RECEIPTS	
Cash on hand	\$61 63
Warren Rothwell	5 00
R. P. Cummings	2 00
A. W. Coone	3 00
O. Coleman	5 00
Robert Gordon	5 00
E. R. Doxsee	10 00
D. R. Clare	2 00
J. W. C. Shore	10 00
A. C. Baker	1 00
J. A. Doyle	3 00
N. L. Massey	5 00
J. Doolittle	1 00
F. Doxtator	1 00
R. P. Aylesworth	50
O. S. Redick	1 00
G. D. Robinson	1 00
E. W. DeLong	1 00
T. J. C. Tindle	1 00
R. J. L. Moment	1 00
J. Nutbrown	50
A. W. Shaver	5 00
C. F. Hopkins	5 25
Interest	1 04
	<hr/> \$131 92

EXPENDITURE.

Paid Life Assurance Premium on Dr. Livings-	
tone	\$65 20
Postage.....	14
Cash on hand, Dec. 31st, 1899	66 58

\$131 92

ASSETS.

Unpaid subscriptions of last three years	\$110 00
Cash in hands of Dr. Sutherland.....	350 00
Cash on hand.....	66 58

\$526 58

The Treasurer will be glad to receive payment for any subscriptions still due.

E. R. DOXSEE, B. D.,
Treasurer.

MANAGEMENT.

The Society is controlled entirely by the volunteer aid of the students and no money is used for running expenses. The officers are elected half-yearly by the students of the College, but Rev. E. R. Doxsee, B. D., is permanent treasurer of the foreign mission fund, and all money and communications for it should be forwarded directly to him.

The officers for 1899 were :—Hon. President, Dr. Dyer, D. D.; President, E. W. Rolland; Vice-President, J. W. Aikins; Recording-Secretary, Geo. Longfield; Corresponding-Secretary, B. B. Horton; Treasurer, W. G. Connolly; Librarian, F. S. Okell.

SOUL EXPANSION.

Let me, then, be always growing,
Never, never standing still;
Listening, learning, better knowing
Thee and Thy most blessed will;
Till I reach Thy holy place,
Daily let me grow in grace.

—Francis R. Havergal.

Perfect health is that condition of the body when digestion is so perfect that the physiological balance between the destruction and construction that goes on ceaselessly in cell life is daily kept normal.—

E. B. Warman.

LOCAL and ATHLETIC

—————)o(—————
PHILOMATHIAN.

At a business meeting of the Philomathian Society, held on Feb. 3rd, Prof. Doolittle, Mr. J. R. Laycock and Mr. George Robinson were appointed a nominating committee to nominate candidates for officers of the society, and on Saturday evening, Feb. 10th, the following officers were elected :—

Hon. President, Rev. V. H. Cowsert; President, J. G. Osborne; Vice-President, J. R. Laycock; Critic, Prof. Doxsee; Assist. Critic, Prof. Doolittle; Leader of Govt., E. W. Tink; Leader of Opp., J. B. Lamb; Secretary, W. J. Kirby; Treasurer, L. McDonald; Chaplain, H. A. Dangerfield; Chorister, S. M. Anglin.

The usual Mock Parliament was dispensed with at the open meeting of the society on Feb. 10th and Mr. J. Young addressed the meeting. His subject was "Phrenology."

The first rehearsal of the series of practice rehearsals to be given by pupils of the elocution class, assisted by others from the musical department, was given on Friday evening, Feb. 2nd, when the following programme was rendered to the enjoyment of all present :—

Piano Solo..... (by Idilio)..... Miss E. Egan
On the Rappahansck..... Mr. Okell
Little Ned's Tobacco. Miss Watkins
At the Operer..... Mr. Kruger
The Campmeeting at Waycross..... Miss Greenleaf
Piano Solo, "Humoreskin" (by Greig)..... Miss E. Sharp
Nelson..... Mr. Pritchard
Jerry and Me..... Miss A. B. Hughes
How the old horse won the bet.... Mr. W. Farley
Vocal Solo, "A Winter Lullaby (by DeKoven)
Miss G. Hollinrake

The Shadow on the Blind..... Miss C. L. Winter
Old Pecket's Nell Miss Post
Flash, the Fireman's Horse... .. Miss Sharp
Relief of Lucknow..... Miss Burket
Piano Solo, "LaMoreno."..... (by Chamanade)
Miss Winter
God save the Queen.

After the rehearsal, a social was given the students and, needless to say, was enjoyed by all.

L-n-f-e-d's opposite asked him if he didn't come from fifteen miles the other side of sundown,

United we stand,
Divided we Faull.

Rumor says that M-u-d-rs is going to the Transvaal as he was seen with a Gunn on social night.

Ikey (to Bogart who is winding up his guitar)—
What's the matter?

Bogart—Oh, slipped a cog.

Ikey—Miss DeGuerre, eh?

Jamieson ordered a second course of cold tongue and got a cold roast.

Davie says that he didn't mind the storm at all and W. G. says that he wouldn't have missed the outing for a small fortune.

It is rumored that A-k-n-s knows from experience how wet water is when poured on him from a room above while he is perched on a pile of trunks engaged in delightful conversation, but C-n-l-y knows more about the water and the whole affair. Poor C-n-l-y.

FAIR WARNING,

Freshman—Does the trolley car lead to the cemetery.

Old Student—Yes, if one isn't very careful.

January twentieth, nineteen hundred, Tiny's birthday celebrated by his first shave.

What about the man under the bed? Only an hour and a quarter.

Where are Irsty's college colors? Ask of the fair one.

Why didn't you pin them on the other side Irsty?

A curly-headed boy bought a box of bon bons and ordered them to be sent to Miss ———, leaving five cents over and above payment for the goods for secrecy. How's that for a Kid?

Green Freshman, to lady clerk at the "Beehive"
—Have you any two-lip salve?

Lady Clerk—You'll find plenty of that up at the college.

Parker looks Crossl(e)y.

FRESHIES.

The nineteenth century has been prolific in great events and in great men. Most fitting therefore that its closing days should be celebrated by such an important event as to the arrival to Albert of Joab Unah Adina Aikins. This remarkable product of Erin's Isle came to us from Tuppersville in the vicinity of Chatham. His childhood was most uneventful for one who in after years was to prove himself so distinguished. His early training was received in the Chatam Collegiate and after some years spent in the capacity of county pedagogue, he decided that his refined taste and artistic sense could never be satisfied by such an unromantic and monotonous life as that of a school teacher. Then it was this youth began work at the easel. But hearing of Albert College and Belleville and its belles, and its roses, and carnations, he came to us. Living so near the American boundary and looking across the St. Clair so frequently at the actions of the wily Yankee, of course Joab's longing glances towards the ladies side are nothing but force of habit, nothing whatever. But life here is not all easel and painting and poesy. To be sure there is the florist's with abundance of flowers, beautiful flowers, and they can be bought at reasonable prices too. For the small sum of one dollar, the most beautiful bouquet that ever delighted the heart of an artist. And chrysanthemums in such profusion that the boys all wonder where Joab's studio can be. Why, boys, in the he(art) room, of course. Not all sentiment Joab finds. Hard old world. Greek and Latin, Latin and Greek, little romance in Greek

verbs. Little sentiment in Caesar. Up till midnight—No time for Philomathian, no time for—yes time to spare for college socials. Joab, we as those who have put away childish things, advise you, first, show a college spirit by attending college meetings, second, cultivate the intellectual as carefully as you are doing the sentimental and we predict for you a successful future.

Euphroditus Chloe Shaver was born near the town of Lindsay, where his parents raised him on their farm, at which place he learned most of his freshie, green habits. The most of the past summer he spent in the west, tending the horses and cattle and hoeing pumpkins, etc., for his brother-in-law. He came to Albert College at New Year's of 1900 to prepare for the Methodist ministry, but, having his head read, he decided to go into medicine. He has always been a bashful lad (never went home with but one girl in his life—poor boy), but if we can judge by things in the dining hall, Chloe is making rapid progress. Chloe is a most familiar fellow as he goes sauntering about our halls and rooms, for which he seems to have a sort of mania. He seems to feel as much at home in anyone else's room as he does in his own. But we mean no harm to our new friend. If he finds Greek and Latin hard to remember, we would advise him to apply a little more stick-to-itiveness, and with a little more care and attention always remembering there is no royal road to knowledge—to his books, a most glorious future awaits him. If Chloe makes good uses of these kindly hints, we believe he may yet be a man of some little grit and snap, making every action (when he does act) count towards his desired goal.

There came flying, one day, away from the west,
A wee little Wren—

A wee Wren, all dressed in black coat and vest,
Imitating the men;

But Davy, not Jenny, this Wren we did call
When he flew in old Albert one fine day last fall.

A tuft of brown curls on a wise little head
Has this Davy Wren,
And a look from his eyes, deep and blue, it is said
By most of the men,

Would make many a Jenny dear languish and sigh
For another sweet look from his tender, blue eye.

A grave minister Davy is going to be

In frock coat of black,

He'll make wandering birds all their sinfulness see,

And call them all back

To the paths of the good, where 'tis seemly to soar,
Where sin is forgotten and remembered no more.

But Davy likes fun, so one bleak, stormy day

He flew through the air

To the home of a sweet little birdie, they say,

So coy and so fair;

And when he came back she came with him and he
Was so bundled in furs that he scarcely could see.

And now, Davy Wren, I tender you this,

With wishes the best:

A fine city church and the happier bliss,

A snug little nest

With a birdie so charming, so sweet and so dear,
That the rest of your life will be one round of cheer.

Stacibus Bracibus Howel—Gab for short—is a freshman in the highest sense of the word. The little training he received from a small grammar school at Woodstock has led him to think himself a man, and he comes to Albert labouring under a false impression. Born as he was among the hills of the rural district of Jerseyville, he led a hermit life digging in ant hills, picking potato bugs and driving the pigeons to roost. We wish Gab to distinctly understand that his two months at Woodstock does not permit him to enter Albert with the impression that he is not classed among the freshmen. "But he that thinks he knows most, knows least."

With the freshman desire to appear quite smart,

This freshie has chosen the infidel part;

He says, in salvation, he doesn't believe,

And is qualified now his degree to receive.

The Y. M. C. A. has no part in his bizz,

A man of his cloth, conversion, gee whizz!

And why should he study; he'd rather be found

With a croconole board and the lads all around.

But in closing we add, by way of advice,

Don't lose all your head and imagine you'er nice.

The subject of these few brief remarks is Brother Windmill Jack-longeared Kirby, who hails from somewhere in the West, but whose origin is unknown. The only benefit humanity could derive

from a knowledge of said origin would be the satisfaction of a strong curiosity to discover the race and country whence such a specimen could have sprung.

This abominable freshman appeared, on first coming to Albert, to have a desire to obtain an education and to have all things honestly and fairly done. Not being blessed with abundant means (a condition prevalent among Albert College students), he made application to several citizens to secure work, the remuneration for which would greatly assist him to defray necessary expenses. He was successful in his quest. Then came the first intimation that he was not all that he seemed. He announced himself to be the assistant secretary of the Y. M. C. A. Now it is only fair to say in Windmill's defence that he did assist the secretary, but it was by relieving him of all janitor work, such as carrying up wood and coal, sweeping out, and performing certain other duties pertaining to that office which are not usually mentioned in polite society. Then, again, Windmill's room-mate has been severely dealt with by some of his fellows for certain disturbances in the halls. The instigator and promoter of these was none other than our worthy Windmill, who afterwards boasted in the town of how he had planned a sneaky trick on the boy and got him into trouble.

A few words of advice:

I. Don't try to pass for more than face value (in your case, not much.)

II. Take the penalty for your own misdeeds, and do not let your room-mate take it.

III. Do not hint that you have hard work to stand the ways of your room-mate. Your own are even more insufferable than his.

IV. Keep the advice and opinions you so constantly offer to older students to yourself until you are asked for them.

Little Willie, from the mirror,
Licked the mercury all off,
Thinking, in his childish error,
'Twould cure the whooping cough.
At the funeral, Willie's mother
Sadly said to Mr. Brown:
'Twas a chilly day for Willie
When the mercury went down.

So it was also a chilly day for Willie Connolly when he first sighted Albert College. However, this home-sick youth has become quite at home and indeed is very much at home, except when he is absent on pleasure expeditions in the country. Yet his friends on the first flat are praying that he may take such pleasure trips often, so that they may enjoy a little quiet occasionally. Just here we might say that in future he be compelled to make less noise. Willie, like so many freshmen, has an uncontrollable love for the weaker sex, which has led him to beam upon so many young damsels, that he is said to be fickle at heart. We might say that we would advise him to guard against this fault.

For the benefit of the ladies, we will give a little of Will's past history. He, during his baby days, lived under his parental roof at Caintown, a post-office a few leagues north of Athens. Will, showing signs of unusual brightness, was despatched to Athens High School where he was expected by his parents to fit himself for a noble career, but contrary to this, he graduated as a general nuisance and so had to be sent from thence to a good institution, namely Albert College. The change has been a good one and will, no doubt, under our unparelled teachers, make his exams. without any serious trouble.

The subject of this sketch is Elephelet Machnadebai Tink, who hails from near Oshawa, where he received considerable election news of the Dryden election. Elephelet came to Albert in the fall of 1899 along with his brother, who had been an old student of Albert in bygone years, and having the care and protection of an older brother, has been enabled to carry himself considerably straighter than he otherwise would have done.

Elephelet has improved very much since coming to Albert, both in looks and in manners. He has adorned his face with a very handsome, fox-colored moustache, of which he is very proud, and which he spends much of his valuable time in curling.

The most prominent weakness peculiar to this freshie is his very strong affinity for the opposite sex, and we would advise him not to spend so much of his valuable time in sleighing or going out in the

country on Fri. evenings after the socials and staying over Sunday. He attends divine service at West Belleville where he may be seen about every Sunday evening, when he is not out in the country, but never alone. As usual, he makes every opportunity count when among the young damsels of that point. But never mind, Elephelet, it is your calling and so we would advise you to stick to it like a pup to a root, and make a success in choosing a life companion as well as becoming a parson.

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US

We are an exceedingly up-to-date set, we young men of Albert College. This is especially true of the Genus Sporticus. Perhaps some may not understand the term, so we will give its derivation. Genus—kind; Sport—a game or enjoyable pastime; i—an indefinite particle having the force of quality, capability, or having a propensity for; cuss—a bad man. The term then means “a kind set of bad young men having a propensity for certain amusements”. We are very thorough, and besides being familiar with all the varied forms of amusement of the present day, we have also constantly reviewed and rehearsed all the practices of our illustrious predecessors. Hence our claim of being “up-to-date”.

We are entirely free from those superstitious ideas propounded by those known in the institution as Theologues. This freedom is shown in various ways. For instance, we go out skating on the Sabbath day. Once in the forenoon and again after dinner. This enables us to answer “Twice” when the roll is called on Tuesday morning. We hold to certain ancient religious customs, however, and although there is a regulation to the contrary, we burn incense to the gods as did our pagan forefathers. But we would like to know where certain of our numbers have precedent for the custom of chewing the incense. Of course, the chewing is not so bad in itself, except for the operator, but the companion habit of expectorating on the floor and radiator is. Beloved brethren, bear in mind the fact that he who expectorates in this manner can never expect to rate as a gentleman.

It may be that the custom of burning was stop-

ped on account of scarcity of matches. Well, we can explain that. We have a certain game, played with pieces of paste-board, in which we use match sticks as counters. Not having a sufficient supply on one occasion, we went to a neighbor's room to borrow some. The door was locked, but we went in just the same. The neighbor happened to be in and came forward to give us a warm welcome, but we hadn't time to stay. We called again, but our friend was out so we had to help ourselves to the matches. The desire to have counters on all games led two of us to use dollars on a certain hockey match, with the result that one of us lost three of his counters.

But let it not be understood that we have no other thought than that of selfish amusement. We always champion the cause of the weak, the down-trodden and the distressed. One of our number wears a ring in token of his bravery, the gift of a grateful one whose life he saved. Reference may be made, known to the recent disgraceful persecution of a freshman in our stronghold—the first flat. Charge may be laid at our door as we make no secret of the fact that we hate freshmen with a cordial hatred. But in this case we are innocent. The instigator and perpetrator was a certain gaseous nonentity, who valiantly crawled under the bed on a certain evening and stayed there till all danger was past. We had hard work getting him out then. He is not a true Sport, but a loud-mouthed proselyte from the camp of the top-flat Pharisees.

And now we have a few things to say concerning the luminaries, who receive such honor from all, on account of their piety and who are set up as our examples. We have never been known to be cruel to any one in all our fun. But they of the Pharisees have made a practice of going by turns to a certain room every night and there mauling a boy who has not strength to defend himself. No sport ever abused a man weaker than himself. The Pharisees also locked the boy out of his room and did many other contemptible things; but worst of all, showing their true character, was a cold night recently. They threw his towels down on the roof of the hatch-varandah and compelled him to go out in the bitter cold to get them. Father of Mercies! How can

these fiends be called Thy servants? Worse than all, and beyond description, these saintly hypocrites poured icy-cold water on the poor boy as he struggled along the snowy roof.

During the recent time of sickness in the school, we were very active in caring for the sufferers. We did all in our power to keep things quiet. Not so with the Pharisees. Notwithstanding the fact that there were four sick on the flat, they held an uproarious revel in a room opposite that of one of the sick men. There could be no sleep or study for well students, and it was absolute torture to the sick. A messenger was sent to ask for quiet, but they tried to throw water on him? Did they stop the noise? No! They redoubled their efforts to tear down the building. Now these things, none of us would condescend to do. And we state a solemn fact, when we say that no such hypocritical and detestable lives as that can lead us to change our manner of life or to respect "the cloth."

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To Albert in January 1900, came a curly haired youth, known to the world at large, as John Wesley Richardson. This good natured, harmless individual, came hither from that gold-mining region, of North Hastings, known as Delora, to obtain a training in commercial science. Of his past history, we know very little, except that he has lived on the farm with his father ever since the days of his child-hood, and it no doubt, due to this fact, that he is a mamma's boy, and not accustomed to the ups and downs of college life. We have no doubt, however, as John is a very observant student, he will copy from his competent seniors, and in due time his greenness will fade, and he will mould for himself a character as golden as the region from whence he hails.

There can be no poorer soil for a child-plant to grow in, or attempt to grow in, than the soil of pretence. To learn to conceal is a sorrowful lesson indeed for a child. To learn to conceal honest poverty, as though ashamed of it, is the most sorrowful of the sorrowful lessons in this line, for it is to so little purpose, and is unnecessary afterwards.

PERSONALS

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We are pleased to have Prof. Shepard with us again.

Miss Crosby, of Colborne, spent Sunday with Miss DeGuerre.

Mr. Farleigh took tea at the college recently.

Miss Ward called last week on old friends here.

Miss Gardiner spent Sunday at the home of Miss Wilson, Cannifton.

D. E. Johnson called at the college recently.

Miss DeGuerre assisted in a concert at Frankford last week.

Miss M. Mallory's brother called on her a short time ago.

Miss E. Kingston, one of last year's students, took tea here Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Trompou called Saturday on their daughter here.

Miss Johnstone spent Sunday at her home at Rednersville

Miss F. White, a student of last year, attended the concert of Feb. 2nd.

Miss L. Mallory's brother and sister took tea with her last Friday.

Dr. Benson, of Gananoque, was with us at prayers last Tuesday morning and gave us a brief, but interesting talk.

The "Times" extends their heartfelt sympathy to Prof. and Mrs. Hunt, who have been called upon to mourn the death of their little son, Vincent.

Mrs. Jewell (nee Lily Burgess) of Bracebridge, an old student, is visiting at her aunt's, Mrs. Gardiner, and attended our last Mission Band.

Miss Palen and Miss Galbraith had tea with Miss Gardiner not long ago.

Miss Ethel Crossly, daughter of Rev. D. O. Crossly, called at the college.

Rev. Mr. Houck conducted prayers some days ago and expressed pleasure at visiting the college.

Miss Bessie Tonkin, who has been teaching in Alberta, N. W. T., for the past two years and who is now spending her vacation at her father's home in Sidney, spent a day with Miss Gardiner recently.

Miss Brackbill, who is home on furlough from West China, where she has been in charge of a girl's boarding school in connection with the Woman's Missionary Society for the past six years, delivered an address at the Tabernacle recently. She was entertained at the college and gave a most interesting talk in the Reception Room to the girls, telling us all the details of a girl's life in China. We were especially delighted to hear all about our own little girls, who are being supported by our Mission Band.

Rev. S. G. Bland, of Smith's Falls, who has been spoken of as one of the brainiest men in Methodism, gave us a profitable address at prayers a short time ago.

EXCHANGES

In the Acta our attention is drawn to an account of Canadian Literature. The writer says that the Canadian public has been very ignorant of its own writers and their merits, but a great change is coming over the country in this respect. On every side there is fresh evidence of the spirit of emulation in fostering Canadian writers and in appreciation of their efforts. Thus the outlook for Canadian literature is brightening.

Study books to know how things ought to be ;
study men to know how things are.

"He alone is great, who by a life heroic, conquers fate."

The Methodist Magazine and Review is a new exchange and we are glad to have such an interesting one among us. We notice in it this month a very interesting account of Lord John Russell, one of the most enlightened statesmen of the century.

It is not difficult to get away into retirement, and there live upon your own convictions ; nor is it difficult to mix with men and follow their convictions ; but to enter into the world and there live firm-

ly and fearlessly according to your own conscience, that is Christian greatness. Ex.—

"The Land of Burns" or "Auld Dumfries" is one of the most interesting of Scottish towns. Its history extends back into the dim past, when the Roman legions drove the early inhabitants of that district northwards. Kings have lived within its walls ; great affairs of the nation have been transacted here ; and some of the most momentous events in the annals of Scottish history have occurred in this old town. Added to this is the fact that the Patriot Bard of Scotland lived there and died there—this fact has overshadowed all others, so that the district has become known as "the Land of Burns." Dumfries, before every thing else, is the shrine of all lovers of Burns' for it was there that he passed the most fruitful eight years of his life. It is true that he had won fame previous to his life in Dumfries. He had been feasted and lionized in Edinburgh, the idol of a day but in all that, there was nothing to aid him materially in his struggle for a livelihood and shortly afterwards he leased a farm at Ellisland, six miles from Dumfries. To this place he brought his "Jean." It was then that he wrote "To Mary in Heaven" a beautiful embodiment of tender memories. The essential nobility of his mind flourished amid all the impediments of his surroundings and produced the richest flowers of exuberant fancy in song and poetry.

Burn's home is an old-fashioned plain looking house, more like a peasant's cottage than the home of a poet. The present owner of this house derives a handsome income from the fee charged, the eight or nine thousand tourists who visit it each year. The poor Scottish Bard who once lived there toiled hard to earn a living, his genius then unrewarded, while his fame now enables others to enrich themselves.

To appreciate fully the beauty of the land of Burns and the charm of these associations, it is necessary to visit them and to listen to the stories which many an old resident there can tell of his countrymen whose genius has added lustre to their country.
—McMaster University Monthly.

She Loved Books—The danger of pretending to have read books that one has never seen is pleasantly illustrated in the following story:—

He was a grave, thoughtful man of marked intellectuality and fine literary tastes. She was a feather-brain of a soubrette. Most vivacious and winsome in her petite blonde loveliness but in no sense a book-worm.

"Are you fond of literature?" he inquired, with accustomed carelessness, but he was watching her attentively.

"Passionately," she replied, "but I get so little time to read anything except the chronicles of my profession; ours is a most exciting art but I love books dearly."

"Then you must admire Sir Walter Scott," he exclaimed, with sudden animation. "Is not his 'Lady of the Lake' exquisite in its flowing grace and poetic imagery? Is it not?"

"It is perfectly lovely," she assented, clasping her hands in ecstasy. "I suppose I have read it a dozen times."

"And Scott's 'Marion'," he continued, "with its rugged simplicity and marvelous descriptions? One can almost smell the heather on the heath while perusing its splendid pages."

"It is perfectly grand," she murmured.

"And Scott's 'Emulsion'," he continued hastily, for a faint suspicion was beginning to dawn upon him.

"I think," she interrupted rashly, "that it is the best thing he ever wrote."

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